

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By Ronald Richards

—But you can't do much with a cardboard secretary!

IN a tiny rock garden in the centre of the bombed acres round St. Paul's, and surrounded by the ruins of five churches, sits a typewriter mechanic.

I turned a corner the other day and walked right into the workshop. Mr. Godly is the mechanic. Two years ago the firm for which he works was bombed out, so he built a tin hut, in which he now carries on.

During fine weather he takes his table outside to work. With him he takes his only assistant, which is the cardboard cut-out figure of a girl secretary.

Mr. Godly repairs five or six typewriters a day for City offices and banks.

Few cases, I think, would have greater claim to "Business As Usual."

LITTLE time was lost in exploiting the mineral resources of Sicily; engineers, chemists, metallurgists and other experts arrived as soon as the landing parties established themselves.

The island's great sulphur deposits have been worked throughout the war under appalling conditions, mainly for the I.G. Farbenindustrie, the great German dye trust.

Most of the larger mines are around Etna.

Besides sulphur, Sicily also provides quantities of asphalt. These are found mainly around Ragusa, where there is also a distillery which produces petrol from asphalt.

These works fell to the Eighth Army before the Axis garrison had time to sabotage them.

THREE gangsters, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, leader of the gang called "Murder Incorporated," Emmanuel "Mendy" Weiss, and Louis Capone, were given three months in which to think over their thirty-odd killings. In July they were sentenced to burn in September.

First sentenced in 1941 for a chain of robbery and murder convictions, they put off death by constant appeals. In July they were refused further appeal by the State's highest tribunal.

Buchalter's gang, also known as the "Cash and Bury Syndicate," was an army of 300 gunmen who murdered to order, at least thirty killings being attributed to them.

For years the police had failed to track down its leaders, until a Josef Rosen was killed by the gang because they thought he was going to give information to the police.

IT seems A.B. (Digger) Bell, of H.M. Submarine "Saracen," just

won't die. Take a look at his record:—

He joined the R.N.V.R. when he was 16. At 20 he is a prisoner—taken by the Italians when the submarine "Saracen" was lost.

Ernest was a butcher when he was mobilised in 1939, and within twelve hours of getting his "papers" he was at sea in the first convoy of the war.

Four times during that trip he found himself in the "drink" after a torpedo attack.

On the fourth occasion there was no rescue ship to save him, but with a handful of shipmates he paddled ashore to an island inhabited only by natives. Natives dragged them ashore,

nursed them to strength, and sent messages to a white settlement on another island, to which they were eventually taken.

Here it was found that Bell had developed foot rot.

So severely had he suffered that he got his discharge from the Navy. But that wasn't good enough for Ernie, the butcher.

Back he went to the recruiting centre and pleaded to be allowed to return to the Navy. At last he got his way, and, once inside the Service, volunteered for submarine work, and found himself in H.M.S. "Saracen."

Ernie's latest narrow squeak was when "Saracen" was lost in the Sicilian campaign. His parents didn't give up hope when they got the message that he was missing. The Admiralty said they believed he was a prisoner of war; now the Italians have confirmed it.

Nice work, Digger! Keep it up and I'll put your name forward for an honorary membership of the "Good Morning" drunk's fraternity.

THE audience at a movie theatre in Oporto, Portugal, watched with stony silence a Nazi news-reel.

There followed British pictures of the invasion of Sicily, and the audience stirred uneasily; they were expected to be neutral.

The guns of a British ship spoke, and a man in the audience shouted, "Cheers for the Oporto Football Club." Cheers broke out and continued long after the end of the film.

WAR talk, and especially war gossip, has been forbidden by the United Master Barbers' Convention an approximately 4,000 bar-

ber shops in Illinois.

There has been too much talk over shaves that may be useful to the enemy, it is said.

That's not the first time barbers have been told not to talk.

When working on a South Coast newspaper, I was amused that the local police superintendent should have found it necessary to request a certain barber not to repeat to reporter customers what policemen customers told him.

IN a book I read:—"Animals reflect their surroundings; their faces grow refined or stupid, according to the people with whom they live."

If that's true—and I have no reason to believe otherwise—I should like very much to dine with the cat of H.M.S. "Tally Ho!"

Talking of cats, I once saw one that was pot-bellied from drinking beer, staggering, under the influence of whisky, and bleary-eyed from months on gin.

Don't know why those two stories should have come to mind together. Do you?

A NOTABLE darts achievement has been accomplished by the Reading League, which has recently reached the target of five hundred pounds. The next target will be double that.

Outstanding as that may be, such sums as one or two hundred pounds are contributed to the Red Cross and other charities bi-yearly by the majority of dart clubs and leagues, I learn from a London League official.

A match I witnessed recently at the Bricklayers' Arms, Holloway, saw Jim Pike, skipper of the celebrated "News of the World" team, score his fifty-seventh maximum. In the same match he scored two centuries. Len Gosnell and Tom Hopkins, also "News of the World" stars, scored centuries in the same game.



NEWS FROM THE NORTH

THE latest and most well-equipped prisoners-of-war camp originally meant for Italian soldiers, will shortly be in use at Llangefni, Anglesey.

The cookhouse is fitted in a fashion which would delight any modern housewife, with huge white porcelain sink, double draining-board, big cooking ranges, cutting-up boards, and even a butcher's block. There is no gas. Cooking will be done by coal and coke, and there is all-electric lighting.

The wash-house is fitted with shower baths, hot and cold water laid on. There is even a cycle shed laid out.

The new prisoners will join others already working in Anglesey—on farms (where they are given the reputation of "good workers") and draining the marshland for agriculture.

TELEVISION MODES

MANY a man will have an extra pain in the neck—and his pocket-book—when his wife decides to buy a hat after the war.

Mr. Thomas Martin, manager of a radio station in New York State, has been telling Press men in Edinburgh about a new threat to the peace of home, sweet home.

He said that one large department store in Pittsburgh is so equipped that women can sit at home, lift the telephone, and ask to see the latest in hats. A selection of hats will then flash before them on their television sets—and they can pick their fancy.

But you'll never get us to choose our ties like that—no sir!

FROM OWLS TO STORKS. WEST RIDING County Council, who recently purchased Walton Hall, near Wakefield, have turned it into the county's most up-to-date maternity home.

Walton Hall, former home of the noted naturalist and eccentric Squire Waterton, stands in the middle of a lake. The only entrance is by means of an arched bridge.

Waterton was the man who brought the Little Owl to England, and many of the species bred in Walton Hall grounds. In addition to the owl, the stork is seen round these parts these days.

ABBEY REBUILDING. THE Abbey of Pluscarden, in Morayshire, is now to be restored by monks who are returning after an absence of more than 500 years.

The "Wolf of Badenoch"—one of the "bury-the-opposition" Barons of those days—burned the Abbey down in 1390.

Seven and a half acres of ground—and the ruins of the old Abbey—have been sold by Lord Colum Crichton Stuart to Benedictine monks from Prinknash, Gloucestershire, and the job of restoration is already in hand.

HIBERNIAN FANS. ANY Easter Road fans among submariners from Edinburgh might like to know that "Big-Hearted" Arthur Milne, who was leading the Hibernian F.C. attack with great gusto, is now with the R.A.F. in West Africa. Incidentally, a teammate, Bob Nutley, is home from South Africa and has played in recent games with his club.

Ever Heard of TOMMY BLANKET?

Thomas Blanket was a "side-wheel" type which is now so familiar was invented in 1869. Before these dates lawns had to be cut with a scythe.

He did not prosper. Unable to buy fuel, and short of bedclothes one cold night, he went to his workshop for something to cover him. He took some pieces of rough, unfinished cloth, and found them much warmer than the usual bedclothes. The result was the "blanket"—and a small fortune for Thomas Blanket.

Famous people are among the inventors of useful everyday things. Their names are familiar to us, although not as inventors. Benjamin Franklin, the 18th century statesman—the "greatest American who was never President"—originated circulating libraries and fireguards, but his most popular invention was the slow-combustion stove, prototype of the stove to be found in almost every American house during the last century.

Thomas Jefferson, President of the U.S.A., was laughed at and cartoonists had the time of their life with the statesman his "whirligig," as they called his swivel chair. But it "caught on."

Another now common invention of Jefferson's was the "bedside table" that slides over the bed, so that you can read or eat in comfort while lying down.

The lawn mower's original patent specification said: "Country gentlemen will find in using my machine an amusing, useful and healthy exercise." It was taken out in 1830 by Edwin Budding, one of the first machines being used in the Zoological Gardens in 1832. The

originator of the marble stopper in soda-water bottles is said to have despaired of interesting a manufacturer, and eventually sold for £20. The idea made a fortune of over two millions!



DIGGER BELL

Something LIKE Onions or is it the Camera?



"THE MIRROR OF THE MAGISTRATE"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

From the "Secret of Father Brown"

By Permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

To-day's
Picture Quiz

"It's a secret from you!"

MR. OSRIC ORM, the poet, was not a model of self-expression when it came to the answering of questions.

There in that corner of the old garden, as the grey twilight before dawn began to creep over the heavy hedges and the broken bridge, and afterwards in a succession of circumstances and stages of legal inquiry, that grew more and more ominous, he refused to say anything, except that he had intended to call on Sir Humphrey Gwynne, but had not done so because he could not get anyone to answer the bell.

When it was pointed out that the door was practically open, he snorted. When it was hinted that the hour was somewhat late, he snarled. The little that he said was obscure, and his opinions seemed to be of a nihilistic and destructive sort; it seemed possible that his business with the judge, and perhaps his quarrel with the judge had been something in the anarchistic line.

Gwynne was known to have had something of a mania about spies.

Anyhow, only a few moments after his capture, one coincidence confirmed Bagshaw in the impression that the case must be taken seriously.

you!"

The trial of Osric ORM for the murder of Sir Humphrey Gwynne really turned entirely on the same crux as that little talk under the lamp-post.

Everything came back to the enigma of those two empty hours between the time Buller saw ORM going in at the garden gate and the time when Father Brown found him.

He had certainly had the time to commit six murders; and might almost have committed them for want of something to do; for he could give no coherent account of what he was doing.

It was argued by the prosecution that he also had the opportunity, as the front door was unlatched and the side door into the larger garden left standing open.

The court followed, with considerable interest, Bagshaw's clear reconstruction of the struggle in the passage, of which the traces were so evident; indeed, the police had since found the shot that shattered the glass. Finally, the hole in the hedge, to which he had been tracked, had very much the appearance of a hiding-place.

On the other hand, Sir Matthew Blake, the very able counsel for the defence, turned this last argument the other way; asking why any man should entrap himself in a place without possible exit when it would obviously be much more sensible to slip out into the street. Sir Matthew Blake also made effective use of the mystery that still rested upon the motive for the murder.

Indeed, upon this point, the passages between Sir Matthew Blake and Sir Arthur Travers, the equally brilliant advocate for the prosecution, turned rather to the advantage of the prisoner. Sir Arthur could only throw out suggestions about nihilist conspiracy which sounded a little thin.

But when it came to investigating the facts of ORM's mysterious behaviour that night, Sir Arthur was considerably more effective.

The prisoner went into the box chiefly because his astute

counsel calculated that it would create a bad impression if he did not.

But he was almost as uncommunicative to his own counsel as to the prosecuting counsel. Sir Arthur Travers made all possible capital of his stubborn silence, but did not succeed in breaking it.

Sir Arthur was a long, gaunt man, with a long, cadaverous face, in striking contrast to the sturdy figure and bright, bird-like eye of Sir Matthew Blake. Sir Arthur might truly have been compared to a crane or stork as he leaned forward prodding the poet with questions.

"Do you mean to tell the jury," he asked, "that you never went in to see the deceased gentleman at all?"

"No!" replied ORM, shortly. "You wanted to see him, I suppose? You must have been very anxious to see him. Didn't you wait two whole hours in front of his front door?"

"Yes," replied the other. "And yet you never even noticed the door was open?"

WORK THIS OUT

WHILE on leave, Archie, Bill and Cuthbert had a day out, which involved four bus journeys.

On Journey No. 2, Archie found his ticket number the exact reverse of that on Journey No. 1.

On Journey No. 3, it was Cuthbert whose ticket number was the reverse of the previous journey. Finally, Bill found his ticket number for Journey No. 4 the reverse of Journey No. 3.

Each time they were given a 4-numeral ticket—Archie getting the first, Bill the second and Cuthbert the third consecutively. Each time the numerals on Archie's ticket totalled 9, Bill's 10, Cuthbert's 11; and when the three ticket numbers were added together the four numerals in the total always totted up to 21. The total of the 12 tickets, by the way, was 24987.

Can you set down the four sets of figures?

(Answer on Page 3)



Well, of course, it's a zebra—that's why we are asking you to say it may be—a Zebra, Quagga, Horse (slightly marked), or might even be a Peruvian Guanaco. IS it a zebra after all, or is it? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 158: A Baby Hornbill.

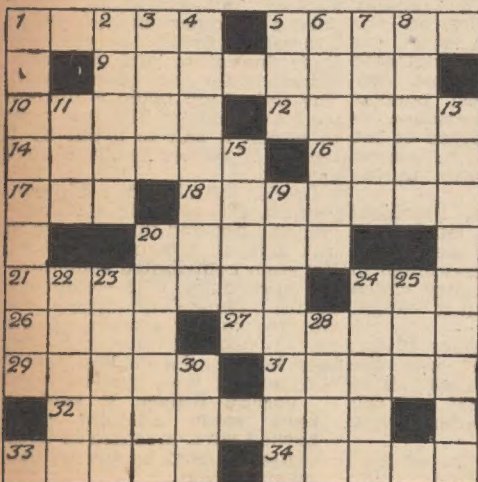
QUIZ for today

- Calabash is a coarse calico, a musical instrument, a pipe, a Kaffir drum, the flesh of a turtle.
- Who wrote (a) Angel Pavement, (b) The Angel in the House?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Mare, Bitch, Hen, Cow, Bull, Tigress.
- What was the name of Julius Caesar's wife?
- Who said, "Wait and see"?
- How many promontories in England are called capes?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Rubric, Pululate, Purslane, Protoplasm, Purlion, Putative.
- How many teeth has a man?
- In what book do we read about Brer Terrapin?
- Correct the misquotation, "All that glitters is not gold. Often you have heard that told." Who wrote it?
- The Battle of Culloden was fought in 1646, 1686, 1746, 1786.
- What is an amphora?

Answers to Quiz in No. 158

- A rustic walk.
- (a) Wilkie Collins, (b) H. G. Wells.
- Tapioca is manufactured; the others are not.
- The act of sneezing.
- Four.
- An intoxicating drink made from Mare's milk.
- Node.
- Esperanto.
- James Wait.
- Kipling.
- 1756.
- A rich tapestry.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Spirals.
- Arms.
- Noble's dependant.
- Daub.
- Bright flower.
- Impressionable.
- Went by car.
- Unity.
- Expanded.
- Allotted.
- Consents.
- Male beast.
- Thoroughfare.
- Comparison.
- Ship's spars.
- Administered.
- Jutting out.
- Total.
- Slaves.

LASHES JAPE
IDLE PROLIX
EVINCE GILT
FIT LAD GEE
S PERISH N
DEBAR VOTED
R ORIGIN M
ACT COD GET
MOTH RETIRE
ALLAYS URGE
STEW EMBLEM

CLUES DOWN.

- Usual.
- Girl's name.
- Metal.
- Scattered.
- Brightened.
- Habituated.
- Kind of gourd.
- Newly-wed.
- Chess pieces.
- Building triangles.
- Ceremonies.
- Plans.
- Interfere.
- Travel down hill.
- Unit of weight.
- Tees.
- Drink.
- Rodents.
- Baronet's title.

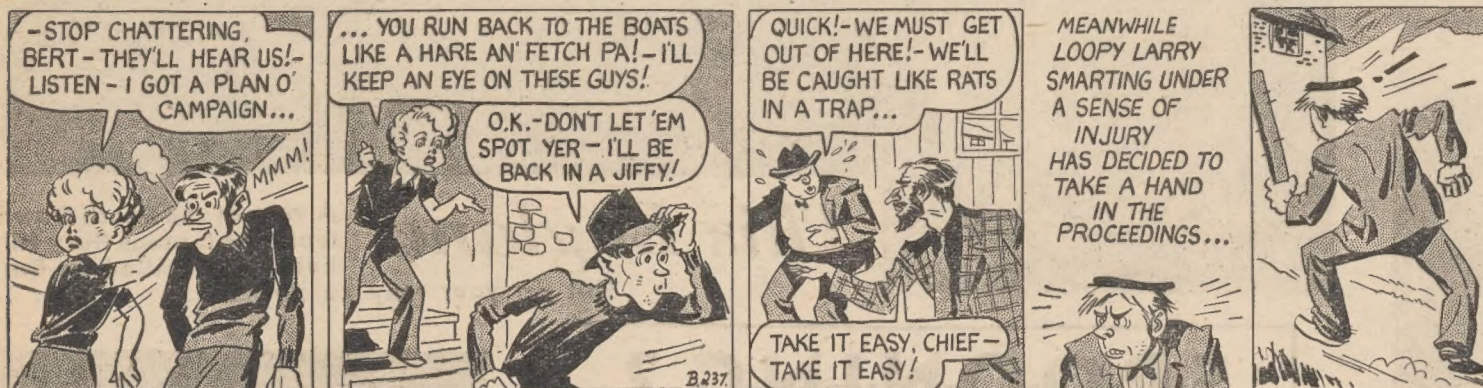
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



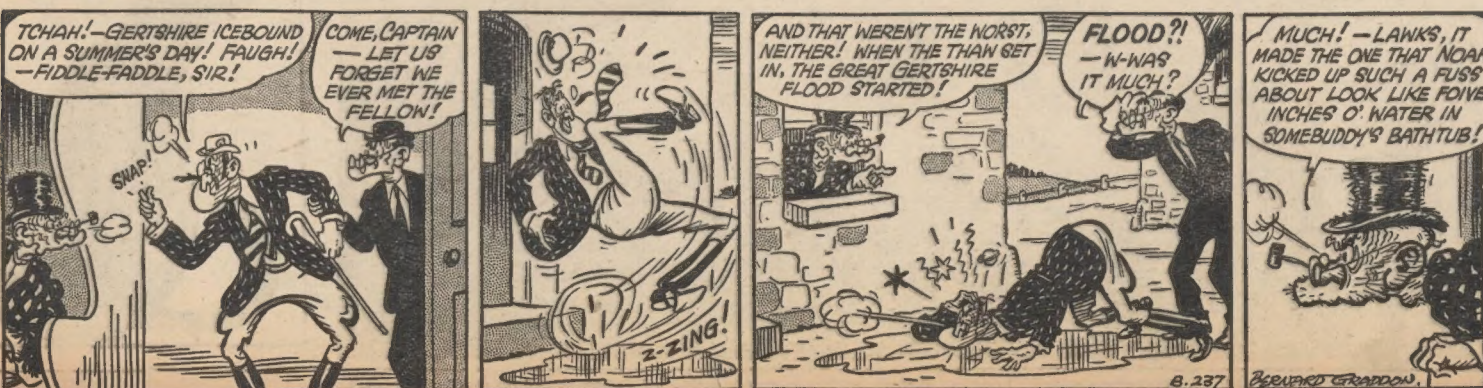
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 4

By JOHN ALLEN

FULHAM

CRAVEN COTTAGE, home of Fulham Football Club, standing on the banks of the River Thames, is said to possess the finest playing pitch in the country.

This is probably true—but the nearness of the river has often caused plenty of trouble, amusement, and the loss of many good footballs.

Once, a Fulham full-back kicked a football out of the ground—and it did not touch land until it reached Staines, twenty miles away! It came down in the River Thames, and floated until it reached Staines, where, some weeks later, it was recovered—and returned to the club!

The Fulham club was formed from a Sunday School. Several lads who attended St. Andrew's Church, West Kensington, formed a club, and then discovered there was no ground available in the Kensington area. When a pitch was rented, at Fulham, they called themselves Fulham St. Andrew's!

What fun these lads had. No sooner did they settle in one pitch than the builders bought it for the erection of new houses, so they hit upon the plan of interesting local builders in the club.

The story goes that the club soon had no fewer than eight local builders' sons in it. Then a big contractor from Manchester came along and bought up the football pitch!

Soon after this incident, news reached Fulham that a piece of land was going cheap.

When the club officials visited it they saw a real mess—broken rock gardens, miniature lakes filled with stagnant water, flower beds covered in weeds.

Despite this unattractive sight the officials took over, and the team played all their matches away from home while the new home was being prepared.

During the preparations many unusual sights came to light. A workman, preparing what is now the playing pitch, suddenly fell through the earth. His comrades went to his assistance, and found that he had fallen into a secret passage which ran right under the River Thames.

This passage was in the grounds of what had once been a vast mansion, and 'tis said that the notorious Captain Blood, who stole the Crown Jewels, actually took cover in this tunnel, with his spoils, while the country was being scoured for him.

Even to this day Fulham's dressing-rooms are in the Cottage, from which the ground gets its name.

This building, according to stories, was the hunting lodge of Queen Anne Boleyn's mansion. It was in what is now the Board Room that Bulwer Lytton wrote his famous "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Fulham's two outstanding stars at the moment are Johnny Arnold, who has played for England at cricket and football, and Joe Bacuzzi, the international right-back, for so long an England stalwart.

It was by sheer chance that Arnold became a star footballer.

Some years ago this Oxford-born sportsman was invited to qualify for the Hampshire County Cricket Club, but, not being a native of the county, had to secure a residential qualification. So Arnold went to live in Southampton.

His reputation as an amateur footballer had preceded him, and he was invited to turn out for Southampton as an amateur. To oblige, he did.

Soon it was clear, by sheer chance, that the "Saints" had unearthed a truly great winger, and very soon Johnny Arnold was better known as a footballer than a cricketer. Now he is world-famous at both sports.

Since the outbreak of war he has rarely had time to assist Fulham, because his duties with the Southampton fire service will not allow this. But when peace returns, curly-headed Johnny Arnold will again be starring for "The Cottagers."

So, too, will Jack Finch, the wonderful forward, who can play well in almost any position. Finch, on more than one occasion, when suffering from bad injuries, has been reported to have packed up football, but always he "comes back." Fulham, who have received great service from Finch, are not sorry.

Never one of the "top flight" clubs, but always among the best, Fulham have produced some wonderful players in the course of their long career. But it's the style of their play—scientific and speedy—that has made them such an attraction.

Solution to Problem on Page 2.

	Journey No. 1	Journey No. 2
Archie ..	1242 (9)	2421 (9)
Bill	1243 (10)	2422 (10)
Cuthbert ..	1244 (11)	2423 (11)
Totals	3729 (21)	7266 (21)
	Journey No. 3	Journey No. 4
Archie ..	3240 (9)	1422 (9)
Bill	3241 (10)	1423 (10)
Cuthbert ..	3242 (11)	1424 (11)
Totals	9723 (21)	4269 (21)

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

**HOLY
MOSES!**



"Cor, lummy,
ain't she mar-
vellous! If
only her family
could see her
now!"



This England

A view of the South Downs
from the famous Bury Hill.
Ever been stalled on Bury
Hill on your way to Arundel?

S-P-O-O-N-I-N-G?

Not the way we usually interpret the word,
but seems to be landing him in just as big a jam.



Endruptula Minor: "Quate, Professor;
but why the heck don't you say 'baby
penguin,' then the boys will know me."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Pure swank!"

